

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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WHOLE NO. 282.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor, All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

From the Free Presbyterian.

Modern Infidelity.

If the denial of the *plenary inspiration* of the Scriptures is infidelity, then there are no doubt infidels among the advocates of the most important modern reforms. They are found chiefly among that class of anti-slavery men who--for want of a better term--are called Garrisonians. (We use the term for convenience, not by way of reproach.) That all who hold Garrison's views of the United States Constitution, and of Christian Non-resistance, deny the plenary inspiration of the Bible is not true. Whether or not a majority of them do, we do not know, nor is it important we should. Neither do we know what is Mr. Garrison's own opinion on this subject. That some of the most prominent of the class to which we refer, do deny the doctrine alluded to above, is certain. They generally make no secret of their views. For whatever is frank and open, in the avowal of their sentiments, they deserve credit. That there are, besides these, many *Socialists* and advocates of other real or pretended reforms, who repudiate the doctrine of plenary inspiration, is true. The influence of these varied classes is extensive and powerful. They embrace men of the finest intellect, and of admitted purity of moral life. Many of them are also men of great natural kindness and benevolence of heart; and many of them exhibit a philanthropic and expansive benevolence, which ought to put to the blush many, of orthodox creed, who rail most loudly at their theoretical infidelity. That the views of these various classes on moral, social, and political questions are gaining ground, and that along with these views their opinion of the Bible is spreading, in many directions, it is useless to deny.

It becomes, then, a matter of vital moment to ascertain the cause and the remedy of this species of unbelief. As the Bible reveals the only hope for man in this world and the next, and as the authority of the Bible rests on the doctrine of its plenary inspiration, to know how this doctrine may be most fully established, and how the progress of the opposite belief may be most effectually arrested, are questions which must lie near the heart of every friend of God and man. It is obvious to all acquainted in any degree with the subject, that the former modes of argumentation are insufficient. It is of course true, that the way of proving the inspiration of the Bible is the same in all ages. The arguments proving the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the Bible, the proofs from miracles and prophecy, are essentially unchanged. The only effect of these various proofs is to increase their weight, as fuller investigation develops the accuracy and purity of the sacred text, and as prophecy becomes more and more completely fulfilled. The force of these evidences will only increase by the lapse of time.

But these to the mass of men are not the most accessible or the most conclusive proofs of the inspiration of the Bible. The internal evidences, derived from the purity, holiness, and consistency of the teachings of the Bible, and from their effects in transforming human character, and controlling human conduct, are at one the most obvious and the most convincing. It is when mankind behold the Bible working an entire revolution of the whole moral and intellectual being of their fellow men, that "the excellency of the power" of the holy Scriptures is seen "to be of God." We are then brought directly to what we conceive the principal cause of the infidelity of which we have spoken, and consequently to its remedy. It is the failure of the Church to exhibit the fruits of this radical transformation, and the exhibition of their very opposite, that has filled the land with unbelievers in the inspiration of the Bible. An entire change, therefore, in the whole spirit and practice of the Churches, is the only effectual remedy. It will not do in this age for the Church, or her ministers, to denounce infidelity, and argue, as she once could, from the known bad character of Infidels. She dare not challenge a comparison between the conduct of her own ministers and members, and those whom she denounces as unbelievers. The advantage here is against the Church and with the infidel. This is a humiliating confession, but truth compels it to be made, and being true it is useless to disguise it. Hence the argument, from the glorious effects of receiving the Bible as inspired, is lost to the believers of that doctrine and turned against them. What ought to have been their mightiest weapon of defense, is the most fatal implement in the hands of the unbelievers.

The interpretation of the Bible, by the prominent commentators of the country, has a similar effect with the practice of the Church. Instead of slowing, (which is really the truth,) that its teachings harmonize with, and really incite all true reform, the interpreters of the Bible have generally made it, on these subjects, the minister of sin. They have distorted its holy pages into a seeming justification of the most atrocious social and political crimes. Drunkenness, war, slavery, caste, passive obedience to government, are a few of the remarks.

PRICE OFFERED FOR AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.—Mr. Brown the American Dragoman at Constantinople, who is now accompanying the Turkish Envoy through the United States, says that the female Circassian slave markets continue in full blast at Constantinople. He affirms that the prices range from six hundred to ten thousand dollars, according to their personal charms, and that the slaves are sold in what are called the Circassian quarters of the city. On Mr. B.'s arrival in Constantinople, he was not a little astonished to receive, from a Pasha, an offer of ten thousand dollars for his wife, who is a lady of remarkable beauty.

Some Results Worth Consideration.

The active excitement of our people ought not to pass by without the observation and record of many facts that can seldom receive such illustration as they are now receiving.

1. There has never been such careful and universal pains taken to prevent the discussion of any subject as that of slavery. Every organization of society has dreaded agitation. Presses have been muzzled, lectures mobbed, ministers unsettled, stores attacked, and the business prosperity threatened of all who sympathized with the slave. The government of the country, of the States, the political parties for the most part, the ecclesiastical government, and the business of the country, have stood determined to smother the discussion of slavery, and keep it out of the Committee.

There is an amusing story told of a violent Southerner who strolled into an abolition meeting in Boston, and was heartily disgusted with every body, with the exception of a mild, pleasant-looking gentleman, who seemed strangely out of company with such violent fellows. The man to whom he took such flavor was Garrison! If men would mingle more with each other, without yielding a whit of their belief, they would come to a more charitable construction of character.

We are quite conscious of being subject to such strong personal prejudices ourselves, and have resisted them; and, as we believe, come into great good nature with everybody that we should naturally like to hate. Upon even the sad *Journal of Commerce* we have thrown the mantle of charity; and if it does not near cover him, it is not because the mantle is not very large.—H. W. BEECHER.—*N. Y. Independent.*

PEACE AND LIBERTY OF SPEECH, VIOLENCE AND INTOLERANCE, respectively go together.

Those are the Revolutionary Pulpits and Presses which check the free discussion of all topics among a free people.

2. While the community are taking sides for or against the Fugitive Slave Law, the reasons for their choice do not lie in that law, but in themselves.

In general, those whose business interests connect them with the South agree to the Compromise measures. Those not interested commercially incline to the other side.

The division to this or that side of another large portion, depends upon their political sympathies. They will adhere to which side promises best for their party.

Others determine the question as one of *Law it is*. They are good and honest men, but narrow. Law is venerable, and obedience to law a citizen's first duty. But just as firmly do others hold to obedience and veneration of law, who nevertheless take the opposite side. For they take law and justice, enactment and right, to be synonymous. The one reveres the law blindly; the other for the reasons. The one obeys law, simply because it is law; the other, because in law they perceive the highest good, the purest rectitude. It is the justice, the truth, the right, which they love. Without these, law is a shell, a husk; or worse, an engine of iniquity under guise of beneficence. Hence, when law expresses the common sentiments, no difference can be seen among its adherents. But when it expresses wrong, the one side will worship. Wrong because it is law; and the other side, true to the love of goodness, will not obey iniquity, even if it be denied.

It is to be observed, also, that men who regard this subject from the stand-point of honor and conscience, are rendered more incredulous and suspicious of argument, for fear of being deceived by Commerce or entrapped by Policies. To yield our scruples to the influence of reasoning, and afterward to find ourselves the dupes of a party or an interest, wounds the sensibility almost past forgiveness. A dread of deception, a want of confidence in the fairness of public and commercial men, upon moral topics, makes multitudes of Christians incredulous and suspicious of their reasonings.

3. It is not to be denied that men have brought largely into this discussion their private feelings, their sectarian prejudices, and their party interests.

The conservative man who has stood aloof from the reforms of the day, and unwilling to embroil himself in a conflict with popular movements, has been prudent and silent, now, under cover of sustaining a law, may prove in rest in against the whole class of restless reformers, who plow and hoe the community as if it were a field of corn. Do not think that we owe the elaborate sermons of many octogenarian Divines to their sympathy for the law, as much as to their sympathy with those who attack it. But this is to be a cause rather suggested and suspected of classes of men than charged upon individuals.

Not so doubtful are the influencing motives of Divines who take occasion to avenge private animosities, or to thwart rival denominations; and thus, under cover of discussing a question of public policy, make a settlement of private grievances.

4. The progress of this excitement has developed and is developing the usual unfortunate concomitants of controversy, bitterness, railing, unfairness, and exaggerated prejudices.

We have not the least objection to the most unbounded ardor of expression, to the most enthusiastic convictions, expressed in the most positive manner, so long as they relate to *truths or principles*. But when the propagandist comes to regard those who do not receive his views as devoid of all principle and necessarily dishonest, and becomes obnoxiously personal, then controversy is morbid and mischievous. And as nothing gives such vigor to like or dislike as conscience, so they who profess to be conscientious are often conscientiously bitter. There is no revulsion against men or measures so violent as that of pure and honorable men. A man consciously right should watch against severe judgments of others. It is sad and curious to observe the progress of exaggerated impressions of personal character. Those who do not follow our conscience on the slavery question, are often, nevertheless, on the whole, more conscientious men than we are. Those whose reasonings we pronounce cold and inhuman, are not cold or inhuman men. Those whose commercial interests reduce them, as it seems to us, to a policy, on this

particular question, which outrages justice and rectitude, are in their private character most estimable for truth, and even for tender sympathy. Indeed, this is often shown in strange contrast; for the very men who give their counsel and zeal and money against the unsee slave of the South, irresistibly pity the particular fugitive whom they may see running through the North. They give the Union Committee money to catch the slave, and give the slave money to escape from the Committee.

There is an amusing story told of a violent Southerner who strolled into an abolition meeting in Boston, and was heartily disgusted with every body, with the exception of a mild, pleasant-looking gentleman, who seemed strangely out of company with such violent fellows. The man to whom he took such flavor was Garrison! If men would mingle more with each other, without yielding a whit of their belief, they would come to a more charitable construction of character.

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DANIEL WEBSTER'S COURSE.—The summer turned by the expounder, within a short time, is viewed with singular disgust by those who are friendly to the measures which he now supports, as by those who are opposed to them. This is usually the fate of traitors, who gain no true honor on either side. Benedict Arnold was condemned by the enemies of the cause he deserted, as well as by his friends. The Boston Times, a journal which approves of the measures to the support of which Mr. Webster has been brought, uses the following language:—"Mr. Webster was one of the principal advisers in the formation of the Free Soil party in 1848. He encouraged the action of those gentlemen here who took the lead in denouncing the nomination of Gen. Taylor; and, if we are rightly informed, he sent for some of their number, and had personal consultations with them as to the course of action they were to pursue in the Presidential contest. He was ready to be their candidate for the Presidency,—he expected to be that candidate,—and was the nomination of Mr. Van Buren that sent him back, growling and grumbling, into the Whig ranks, and giving to the old hero of Monterey and Buena Vista a sort of 'over-the-left' support, which that gentleman appreciated at its proper value. He opposed the election of Gen. Cass here, he (Gen. Cass) was then in favor of what Mr. Webster has since zealously supported. We shall not say that Mr. Webster was not an honest man when he denounced the Wilmot Proviso as something closely resembling blasphemy, as he was when he denounced General Cass and the democratic party for not supporting it. We shall only say that if a small man had been guilty of the same conduct, he would have been by common consent looked upon as a great rogue."

THE UNION SAFETY COMMITTEE AND THEIR LAWYER.—It now appears that Geo. Wood, the President of the Union Safety Committee, as it styled itself, was employed by that association to appear against the negro Long, and that the sum of five hundred dollars was raised among the members, to defray the expense of resisting the victim's struggle to procure his freedom. It is over twenty years, probably, since Mr. Wood has ever appeared in a case that did not involve a larger amount than the price of this negro, estimated at his highest value in any slave market in the country. The Committee, however, have made up the difference to Mr. Wood, and out of their purses have communicated just as much zeal to the learned counsel, as was necessary to secure the best quality of his professional service. Were two persons to get into a litigation about the ownership of a fast horse, and one hundred of the first merchants in New York were to employ "one of our first lawyers" to take one side of the case, without any cause, interest or provocation whatever for meddling with the controversy, we should think it singularly unfair to the other litigant. Here we have one hundred of the first merchants meeting and raising funds to fee an eminent lawyer to assist a slave catcher in proving his title to the body of a man who is struggling with all his might to retain what his God and nature conferred upon him as an inalienable right. Mr. Wood accepted the fee; Long could not contend against the eloquence of the lawyer and the money of his employers, and has been delivered up to his pretended master, who, with a brutality at which our female fairies shiver, has sold him to the abolitionists for \$350. Bennett was arrested by a warrant from the notorious Commissioner Ingraham, while honestly sawing wood on Thursday last, in Columbia, Pennsylvania, where he has a wife and child, and has laid up about three hundred dollars in property. He was hurried off to Philadelphia and taken before Ingraham, by whom he was to be summarily tried on Friday 12 M. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, returnable at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, but as the Commissioner was disposed to press business through previous to that time, a writ was procured from the U. S. District Court, returnable fourthwith, and the trial was thus transferred to Judge Kane of that Court. The evidence was very slender and rested principally on admissions sworn to have been made by the alleged slave himself. His counsel asked for further time to bring witnesses from Columbia to prove that Bennett was free by common law, having been brought by his master into Pennsylvania. But it was granted.—*Post Com.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.—A telegraphic dispatch, dated in Philadelphia, on Saturday, says that Stephen Bennett, the fugitive, after being ordered to be remanded to his owners, was bought by the abolitionists for \$350. Bennett was arrested by a warrant from the notorious Commissioner Ingraham, while honestly sawing wood on Thursday last, in Columbia, Pennsylvania, where he has a wife and child, and has laid up about three hundred dollars in property. He was hurried off to Philadelphia and taken before Ingraham, by whom he was to be summarily tried on Friday 12 M. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, returnable at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, but as the Commissioner was disposed to press business through previous to that time, a writ was procured from the U. S. District Court, returnable fourthwith, and the trial was thus transferred to Judge Kane of that Court. The evidence was very slender and rested principally on admissions sworn to have been made by the alleged slave himself. His counsel asked for further time to bring witnesses from Columbia to prove that Bennett was free by common law, having been brought by his master into Pennsylvania. But it was granted.—*Post Com.*

From the Glasgow Sentinel.

Dashes at Iniquity.

BY LUKE THE LABORER.

Cease talking, thou Chartist, and quietly sit down.

And acknowledge the blessings that flow from the crown;

Tis a strange sort of argument, still it is true,

That the many crush liberty worse than the few.

Cast thy gaze o'er the channel, to treacherous France;

Dead drunk with deceit—sunk in infamy's trance;

Or cross to the land of the far setting sun,

And read what Republics for mankind have done!

On this side the salt lake, pray, what can you see?

But a faction of hypocrites cursing the free?

On the other, a Commonwealth dead in sin,

A monarchical band where high rank is the skin!

The mind of the slave may be simple and broad,

Embracing the earth and upreaching to God:

But woe to the man if his color is black!

His fair spreading genius is not worth a plow!

A Republican man-seller! think on the knave

Who would make his poor brother a chattel and slave;

Reducing proud man, with his angelic brow,

To the level or rank of the horse or the cow.

Go, match that iniquity—match it who can,

This masterpiece crime of the civilized man!

This stately fraud on which angels dwell,

The cruel serpent on this side of hell!

As the Sun and the Moon in what kingdom or

clime

They witness the darkest and ugliest crime?

Both Luna and Sol would immediately tell

In the beautiful West, where the Slave-breeders dwell!

Consult the rude breezes that rove through the air,

Where the mangiest spoilers have settled their lair?

With thundering tones they would instantly cry,

On the vales of Columbia the reprobates lie!

I blush when I think that the Slaveholder's skin,

In color and texture, to mine is skin;

Of all the slaves living, the worst, I declare,

Are they who steal man—immortality's heir!

Missouri is long, and Ohio is deep;

Lake Huron is broad in its ocean-like sweep;

But American guilt, who shall measure its span?

Who fathom the depth of this swindle on man?

As the Sun and the Moon in what kingdom or

clime

They witness the darkest and ugliest crime?

Both Luna and Sol would immediately tell

Thrilling Scene.

The Liberty Party Paper gives this account of a scene which occurred in the Anti-Slavery law Convention at Syracuse:

We witnessed here one of the most thrilling and melting scenes we ever did witness. The Financial Committee reported that they must raise the enormous sum of \$19,000, and save the generous men, some of whom had obligated themselves to the amount of their entire estates, and save the noble Chaplin also from returning and giving his life to his murderers, as the means of saving those estates. The report was accepted, and the contributions were flowing in from the immense assembly to make the sum of \$10,000, the amount assessed upon it. During this scene Chaplin sat by our side with his arm resting on the table, and his hand covering a part of his forehead and eyes, in a vain attempt to conceal the emotion of his swelling bosom. To one who knew him as well as we do, these emotions were apparent.

A voice from the extreme part of the house, called, "let us see Mr. Chaplin!" Louder and louder still came the call from the vast assembly. His feelings held him to his seat, and we took him by the arm, and led him. With a modesty and sensibility which such an occasion could only effect, and for which the moment seemed to choke his utterance, he stood before the great assembly but could not speak. Such a tempest of applause was soon raised as never before shook the City Hall. Long and continued the shout went up—men swaying their hats and shouting, "God bless him!" "Glorious fellow!" "Chaplin for ever!" Hurrah, upon hurrah, rolled up for minutes—not a particle of dust that had been deposited on the floor but floated in the air. Women, and youth, and men shouted and wept. We saw men and women whose limbs were stiff with age, and whose appearance testified that they were present to witness the conduct of their posterity on that great occasion. We saw them looking with swimming eyes upon the erect person and manly frame of the hero. We thought of those lines of Walter Scott—

"But woe betide a nation when
She sees the tears of bearded men."

It was a scene that eclipsed any pageant that we ever read of. A congratulation that kings and conquerors might envy but not enjoy. We would rather merit the gush of popular gratitude and thankfulness that flowed upon our brother, than all the honor and empire that the conquerors of the earth ever attained.

When the applause had died away, General Chaplin said, if he thought the contributions were making for him, and no great principles were involved, he would arrest them, and go back to a Maryland prison, and suffer and die as others suffer. He was willing to identify himself with the poor. Imprisonment, said he, in a Maryland penitentiary, is a great but not the greatest calamity. He might die there, but in his opinion, also, there was a calamity greater, still, than death—it is the accusing, withering, killing consciousness that you have left the poor to perish, when they have stretched their hands to you for mercy and deliverance—but we can't report his speech.

A lady said to us, that the applause of that occasion seemed like an offering of hearts on the altar of freedom, and that a response was echoed from Heaven. We never witnessed a sublimer effect.

Another Slave Case in Boston.

Some months ago a colored man left N. Carolina for the best reasons in the world. Though honest and innocent, he was obliged to steal his passage on a Northern vessel, which he did at the expense of no small suffering. When he arrived in this city he was taken into the employment of one of our large manufacturers, who is too much of a man to obey the blood-hound law. But a knowledge of his whereabouts got back to his former residence and an agent was sent on for him. This agent was hospitably entertained by the New York Castle Garden Committee of Safety, who furnished him with aid and comfort and a lawyer—one Spencer, as it is understood. This Spencer entered into the business with great zeal. He thought this a test case. Here was a responsible man harboring and concealing a fugitive in open violation of the law. To carry out the law in such a case would cement the Union like a thousand of brck.—The agent and his legal blood-hound came on to Boston. We published last Monday how their spies were lurking about a certain establishment. They crawled up into a place which overlooked it, and saw their victim.

Thus was every thing prepared for the execution of the law. The requisite warrant was, at the instance of lawyer Spencer, duly obtained and placed in the hands of Marshal Devens. The North Carolina agent was not to split on the rock which had been laid to Hughes—he had good legal advice, and proceeded legally and conveniently. But lest Marshal Devens should temporize and hesitate as in the other case, it had been provided that he should have tools to go through the rougher part of the "disagreeable duty." Three ruffians, cast off constables or the like, with no character to lose, who boasted sufficiently of their "alacrity," were employed under large rewards to make the arrest. The warrant was placed in their hands, with orders endorsed—by whom we are not informed—to bring in the man, dead or alive! But they didn't do it. They reconnoitered abundantly, but made no attack.

We have it from a private source that after viewing deliberately the enemy's camp, their courage all oozed out at the ends of their fingers, and Marshal Devens not having any particular stomach to lay his life on the altar of this sort of patriotism, the New York Safety Committee's lawyer retired in disgust, cursing the Boston blood-hounds for their want of pluck. They would give their master no assistance.

Thus has ended, for the present at least, the second Boston slave case. One of our prominent citizens has proclaimed his determination to violate the inhuman, diabolical and unconstitutional law. He is known to be doing so. Here is a test case. The mighty "Union Committee of Safety" puts its Herculean shoulder to the wheel. But it is no go.

Thank God, though Eliot and Webster have turned traitors, Massachusetts has not yet disgraced herself by succumbing to the pirate law. The stain of betraying a trembling fugitive from unrighteous bondage, under the new edict of tyranny, is not yet on

her soul. She can still meet with honor the Turkish Sultan and congratulate him on his noble conduct towards Fossett.

Modern Infidelity.

We cannot but commend the prudence of the Boston officers in these cases. Their barometers show pretty truly the pressure of the spirit of liberty in this city. They apprehend that the moment they undertake to serve one of these infernal warrants, they will be subjects for hospital practice in gunshot wounds. And we have little doubt that they would be, in some cases—while in others they would pass into the immediate custody of the Coroner.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton*.

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets March 2d.

Sunday Meetings.

The fourth of the series of Sunday Meetings will be held at the Town Hall to-morrow at 3 o'clock, P. M. The discourse will be delivered by Maria B. Garrigues, and we need not assure those who know her that it will be richly worth hearing.

Mr. Dickson of Hanover, who was expected to speak to-morrow, was excused at his own request, will deliver a Discourse next Sunday, Feb. 16th.

PLEDGES.—We would remind those friends of the cause who have made pledges to the Western Anti-Slavery Society that our treasury needs replenishing. Where it can be done without too great inconvenience, we hope they will redeem their pledges immediately, that the Executive Committee may be saved from embarrassment.

SUBSCRIBERS.—The condition of the Society's treasury renders it exceedingly desirable that those who are in arrears for The Bugle should make haste to pay. Reader! if thou hast not yet paid thy subscription, do so at once, if possible. Those persons by whose toil the paper is issued all need their pay, but how are they to get it if you withhold what you owe?

MARCUS R. ROBINSON has accepted an appointment as Agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and will serve the cause as a lecturer so far as the somewhat delicate state of his health will permit. We make this announcement with a hearty satisfaction which we know will be shared by all the friends of the Society and the cause who know his ability and worth. Thoroughly informed in regard to the history of the anti-slavery movement, familiar with its principles, and devoted heart and soul to its promotion, he is at the same time a most acceptable and effective speaker. He will commence his labors soon in Geauga County, and, without embarrassing himself by a long list of appointments beforehand, will hold meetings as may open and his health permit. C. S. S. Griffing will co-operate with him, with special reference to the collection of funds and obtaining subscribers for The Bugle. In the present receptive state of the public mind we anticipate for these friends a good degree of success.

DOUGLASS'S LECTURES.—Frederick Douglass, as we have already informed our readers, is delivering in Rochester, N. Y., a course of weekly Anti-Slavery Lectures, which, after their delivery, are promptly inserted in the North Star. We need not say that they are able and eloquent; for they could not be otherwise coming from the lips of a gifted speaker; but they possess one other merit which prompts the wish that they may be published in a pamphlet and widely disseminated: they deal in a familiar and attractive way with the elementary principles of the cause, and are admirably adapted to enlighten the minds of honest inquirers and move their consciences and hearts to co-operate in the great struggle with the powers of despotism.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Robert Rautoul, Wilmot Proviso Democrat, has been elected to the U. S. Senate, by the "coalition," to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Daniel Webster. The seat has been filled by the supple tool of the Boston cottonocracy, Robert C. Winthrop, under an appointment from the Governor. He is now fairly ousted from the place in which he has so disgracefully misrepresented the sentiments of the Old Bay State. The Boston Commonwealth regards the election of Summer for the long term as certain, but we have our fears that it is doomed to disappointment. Yesterday (Friday) was the day of trial.

The publisher of the *National A. S. Standard* will please credit Lewis Morgan, Marlboro, Stark Co., \$1,50, stop paper at close of term for, and charge the Editor of The Bugle. Also please credit Jonathan Davis of Berlin, Mahoning Co., \$2,00 and charge the same.

GEORGE THOMPSON has been seriously ill, but at the last advised had so far recovered as to be able to attend an Anti-Slavery Convention. We still hope to see him at the West before he crosses the big pond.

AMISTAD CASE.—The slaveholders are making a desperate effort to procure the payment by Congress of the Spanish claims for the negroes of the Amistad. The Senate, after strenuous opposition by Mr. Hale, adopted a resolution of inquiry, Henry Clay voting with the majority. Mr. Hale said with truth that the Spanish claimants ought to be thanked that they were not hanged as pirates.

NEW MEXICO.—There is now said to be serious danger of the introduction of slavery into this territory, in spite of that law of God which Mr. Webster thought it so unnecessary to re-enact. A considerable number of slaves have in fact been already introduced.

From Marcus R. Robinson.

THE following letter came a day too late for our last.—*Ed. Bugle*:

Cincinnati Correspondence.

Western Arts Union Drawings—Spiritual Knockings—Constitutional Convention—Hon. J. P. Hale in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 23, 1851.

To the Editor of *The Bugle*: The annual distribution of prizes in the Western Arts Union took place on the evening of the 20th. Among the prizes was Powers's statue of the GREEK SLAVE. It was hoped that this would fall to the lot of a Cincinnati, but to the general disappointment, it was drawn by Mr. J. D'Arcy of New Orleans. The second prize in value was the painting by Rutherford of "Cromwell and Hitch in Ely Cathedral," drawn by Mr. H. H. Goodman of this City.

From the Report of the Art Union for the past year it appears that the number of subscribers was 4,734. The amount of money received (\$5 for each subscriber) was \$23,670. Amount paid for Paintings and works of Art distribution was \$17,720. The number of prizes distributed was 450. Besides the Greek Slave, there were 110 paintings, and 300 copies of the "Allston Outlines." I learn that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the subscribers to the Union the past year have been non-residents of Cincinnati. There are a number in all the principal Eastern cities, and in every State from Maine to Texas. A very considerable number are from the towns in the interior of our own and other Western States—a gratifying evidence of the extending reputation of this institution and its influence in encouraging a taste for the Fine Arts among our countrymen.

The "mysterious rappings," "spiritual manifestations," &c., have been making no small stir in our community for some months past. We have had a number of lectures on these subjects, which, in spite of the ridicule or opposition of skeptics, have been well attended, and the interest seems to be on the increase.—

Mrs. Bushnell, the celebrated Clairvoyant, gives a course of three lectures this week; Dr. Buchanan another, on the Science of Man, comprehending all these points; a discussion in which speakers for and against participate takes place on Sunday evenings, which is numerously attended, and Mr. Stuart of the Swedenborgian faith has given a course, embracing these topics, in which I observe he makes every thing bear in favor of the peculiar spiritual views of his Church, and takes care to urge the illumination of its founder, the renowned Baron Swedenborg. The promised book by Coggshall, of the Daily Times, giving in detail accounts of the wonderful manifestations in this vicinity will soon make its appearance, so that if writing and talking can throw any light upon the minds of the un-initiated, we shall be in a fair way to get it. Without expressing any opinion as to the various theories stated to account for these new and strange revelations, it may be remarked that they are worthy of examination and record as an exhibition of the spirit of investigation and inquiry into regions as yet little explored, which characterizes this age of free discussion. These things are not to be put down by the ridicule or affected contempt of the would-be wise and orthodox teachers of the day. There may be some errors and extravagances embraced by some of those who are zealous in defending these new doctrines, but fair and thorough investigation and a willingness to accept its established results cannot but lead to new discoveries of truth.

The Constitutional Convention is proceeding with its business with reasonable rapidity. It is true there is much time apparently wasted in speaking, and a number of members who are almost always on the floor seem to love to hear themselves talk—but it is well, in making every thing to be felt the influence of Fillmore, Cass, Clay and Co., to silence discussion and quiet agitation. True, in most places I have visited it may be said there is no fugitive slave law. The people have repealed it, yet those who have been accustomed to control the people, by party influences are beginning to whisper, "it is law—true it is wicked—unjust—outrageous—but it is law, and must be obeyed until it is repealed." And as supporters of the government they are certainly consistent. For, to sustain the Constitution, and yet repudiate the law, reminds one of those who, while they swallowed camels strained at gnats. But these counsellors of submission to wickedness and injustice—the Fillmores, Casses, Rev. Drs., Professors, and pious Editors of religious newspapers, are troubled with no "straining"—their throats, which are "open sepulchres," swallow with equal ease gnats and camel—law and Constitution. Whether these men will be successful in cultivating the like facility in others remains to be seen. I fear they will. This nation has evinced an astonishing facility for swallowing; as is apparent from the monstrous and irrational dogmas they have been accustomed to receive without question from the political and religious priesthood.

There are, however, favorable indications. A great point is gained by the position politicians have been compelled to assume. Henry Clay has given us the true alternative. To be sure it was falsehood and fanaticism when presented by abolitionists; but now that it has received this important endorsement, may we not hope it will be transmuted to truth and soberness?

He says, "The question before the nation (it would be folly to attempt to blind or disguise it,) is, whether agitation against slavery shall put down the Union, or the Union be preserved and the agitation be put down. There is no alternative." Very many of the people are beginning to believe him; and I have not failed to strengthen, according to my ability, their new faith in this most orthodox opinion.—Many of the old anti-slavery men, who in the outset of the enterprise bore their full share of the conflict, who were beguiled by their attachment to their churches & deceived by the fiction that the Constitution was anti-slavery, are now doubtless and yielding. They feel that after all the outrages of the Government for the support of slavery—after all its diplomacy, legislation and judicial action,—with the Constitution in existence which has, (ostensibly at least) authorized it all—with the old law of '93 in full force, it would be an excess of modesty altogether uncalled for, to humbly present petitions for the repeal of the law of last September.—Petitions which are to be as effective as though they were presented by our Southern brethren of the plantation. They see that voting, so far as legislation is concerned, has been ineffectual and must continue to be so. That there can be no alteration in the Constitution, as it is impossible to obtain the consent of two-thirds of the States to any anti-slavery amendment. In short that in their present Union with the slave power they are bound hand and foot, and have no alternative but a dissolution of the compact, a repudiation of the compromises, whether recent or remote. Many of them indeed know not what to do. Attachment to the Union, veneration for the Constitution and the fathers, fear of the odium of traitors, and with many the still greater fear of association with come-touts and infidels, on the one hand, and the convictions of their judgment and conscience on the other, greatly bewilder and perplex them. But there is hope. Time and circumstances will emancipate them. If the slave power will but perfect and press their proposition for a Union party for the support of the system, they will concentrate and combine the abolition of the nation, and force the North in self-defence to withdraw from this slaveholding Union, and establish a Free Confederacy. God speed the time! Your brother,

M. R. ROBINSON.

WRITING SCHOOL.—We learn with pleasure that Mr. Lusk's second class is very large. There is but one opinion here as to his qualifications as a teacher and his character as a man. During his brief residence among us he has secured the respect of all who have made his acquaintance.

A CHIVALROUS NEGRO VIRGINIAN.—A warrant was served on Simon Watterman of this place, charging him with selling a pistol to a negro slave, the property of John Smith, Esq. The negro, it seems, had bought it to stiffen his courage in a quarrel in which he was engaged. The trial was had before Justices Helm and White. Mr. Watterman was fined \$20, and required to give bond in the penalty of \$1,000 for his good behavior in future. We understand that he has appealed—*Warren Flag* of '52.

think that a brief account of Hale's visit here would not even now be out of place. The old proverb of "better late than never," will perhaps apply here, with more appropriateness than it usually does.

Mr. Hale's visit to Cincinnati was made by invitation of the New England Society to deliver the Oration at their annual celebration of Pilgrim's day, 22nd of December. The Directors of the Young Men's Mercantile Library hearing of his acceptance, invited him to give one in their Winter course of lectures, and a number of his political friends, in testimony of their respect for his services in Congress, gave him a tea-party to afford an opportunity to our citizens generally to become acquainted with him. All these occasions passed off pleasantly, Mr. Hale making decidedly a good impression upon the minds of all who listened to him, and being highly gratified at the cordial reception given him, and the many evidences of our popularity which met his eye on every side during his sojourn among us.

Mr. Hale's Pilgrim Oration was one of the very best we have had here. It was an able and interesting review of the rise and progress of Puritanism from the times of Wickliffe, and of the great principles which lay at the foundation of the enterprise of commencing a new colony on these Western shores. His historical sketches were finely drawn, and the lessons *taught* to our own times to be learned from the subject, very happily enforced. It was listened to with close attention by a crowded audience, among whom were the members of the Constitutional Convention which had adjourned for the purpose of attending the ceremonies.

The festival was attended in the evening by nearly four hundred persons, about one-fourth allies of all parties and shades of opinion. A rarer assemblage of intelligence and moral worth, for the number present, never met in the city. Mr. Hale declined making a formal speech, and in a few humorous remarks said he came not to discuss politics but to become acquainted with the ladies of Cincinnati; and the evening was spent in introducing him to the company individually, and exchanging congratulations. The whole was closed with a beautiful supper, and the company separated in good humor, all pleased with having had an opportunity of taking by the hand and welcoming to the city one who commands the admiration of every generous minded lover of true liberty.

My notice of the Library lecture must be deferred until my next letter, (which will be next week) as I make it a point never to inflict long articles upon your readers.

Yours,

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—The only thing in the proceedings of this body worthy of note in the present week is the report of the Committee to whom was referred the petitions on the subject of temperance. The Committee proposes to insert in the Constitution the following provision:

"The General Assembly shall not license the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but may, by law, provide against the evils resulting therefrom."

We can hardly hope that this proposition will be adopted by the Convention, but it may be.

LIBERATOR FESTIVAL.—A brief notice of the Soiree held in Boston on the completion of the second decade since the commencement of *The Liberator* will be found on the First Page. Nearly two pages of the last number of the *Liberator* are occupied with the speeches and proceedings, which are all of the deepest interest. We shall give extracts next week.

MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the old Pioneer Society was held in Boston on the 22d, 23d, and 24th ult. Great disappointment was felt on account of the absence of George Thompson, who was too ill to be present. Notwithstanding this, however, according to the Boston correspondent of the *Standard*, our friends had good speaking enough to set up a dozen political or religious assemblies. No doubt of it.

CHARLES T. JAMES, (Dein,) has been elected U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, by a coalition between his own party and a portion of the Whigs. The party screws are getting very loose.

NO SENATOR.—Ten balloting have taken place in the Ohio Legislature for U. S. Senator without choice. On the last ballot the vote stood—Griswold (Whig) 42; Payne (Dem.) 39; Giddings 10. The highest vote obtained by Giddings at any time was 14. Griswold in one instance had 42, and Payne once had 44.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Immediately after 'The Fair,' having received instructions to repair to Michigan as the field of Anti-Slavery labor, I returned home and set my house in order, and started for that distant theatre of action. On my way I spent a week at Middlefield, in Geauga Co., where I expected to meet a man who professes to be a Baptist Minister from Georgia. This person had been in this neighborhood for some time extolling the glories and blessings of the Patriarchal institution, claiming for it the highest divine sanction, and showing that abolitionists were fighting against God by opposing his persecution. He also, of course, maintained the righteous character of that prince of 'peace measures,' the Fugitive bill, and often professed his readiness to enter the lists with any of the agents of the abolition Societies. I was however disappointed, for upon the arrival of myself and Joseph Treat, whom I met here, he had departed. From what I can hear of this fellow, he is a rather shrewd Yankee, who for some vile purpose is prowling through the country professing to be a minister. I should not be surprised if it turns out that he is a slaveholder—one of a gang whose business is kidnapping, &c.

We commenced our meetings in the Episcopal Church, (the first I ever spoke in,) on Wednesday evening, and held in that place and neighborhood ten or a dozen meetings. This was the first series of anti-slavery meetings ever held in that part of the town, and great was the prejudice against the views held and taught by us. The entire meetings were well attended, growing in interest and power to the last. In fact it seemed that the close was just the time to begin.

There is a vast amount of Free Soil sentiment in the town, and considerable of the old Liberty party anti-slavery. These attended the meetings and entered into them with an honest earnestness, freely and thoroughly examining the differences between us, acknowledging their wrongs and our rights whenever they were made manifest. I feel persuaded if some of the very best are not with us heart and hand, it will be because they do not understand us.

The Fugitive bill and other kindred measures have done much to convince the old honest political abolitionists that there is no hope save in a dissolution of the Union. They are sick of political demagoguism, and are falling back on the old, firm, all-conquering ground of moral suasion. This drawing near of the true friends of the slave in the Free Soil party is every where more or less manifest, and I trust soon, very soon, to see the old breach healed, and the entire anti-slavery of the country firmly united to demand Emancipation or Dissolution. I met with a number of my old Wesleyan brethren in this town also, who amid evil and good report have retained their personal friendship for me. They still cling to the church, or rather the church clings to them, but for all this they are true to humanity. I shall be pardoned if I mention one among the many, who appears fully devoted to the slave's cause—Brother Swain. He was one of the first who united with the Wesleyan movement from a pure desire to clear his skirts of the blood of his fellow men. He is deeply religious—not of the sort who use religion as an excuse for their indifference to the race, but as a means, the better to enable him to subserve the cause of freedom. He is honest as the angels, and will be with us entirely, the moment he sees his way clear.

The Legislature of Virginia has presented a very valuable gold medal to Gen. Scott as a tribute for his military services. The time for bestowing medals upon the heroes of the world's moral battle-fields has not yet arrived. It is coming, however.

The recent discussions in the French Assembly on the proposed augmentation of the army by 40,000 men, on account of the condition of Germany, was signalized by a generous effort on the part of M. Franchise Bouvet to obtain a recognition of the principles of the Peace Society.

A bill is now pending in the Iowa Legislature, having been acted upon favorably, to provide for the removal of all free persons of color, emancipated in other States, and hereafter settling in that, but providing that those already there may remain, subject to the present law upon the subject, and disqualifying them from acquiring any additional real estate.

N. S. Wheaton, of Hartford, Ct., a D. D. of the Episcopalian order, is out in a sermon in favor of the Slave-catching bill, founded on Paul's epistle to Philemon. After attempting to throw over the hideous institution the mantle of Christianity, he naively says, "that it was forced upon our brethren at the South in their then condition of colonies, by the mother country, in the days of her moral darkness." Then the Bible sanctions an institution which could only be introduced in "the days of moral darkness." If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch?

The Union Safety Committee of New York, whose members feed a lawyer to talk away the liberty of Henry Long, have put forth an address in which they propose to celebrate the birth-day of Washington! Could anything be more impudent? The proposition is almost beyond cause to the moulderings bones of the Father of his Country' to rattle a rebuke in the ears of those conspirators against the liberty which he sought to establish, and in behalf of which he uttered an impressive testimony before the emancipation of his slaves!

WILLIAM and ELLEN CRAFT, the well-known fugitives from Georgia—the same that Knight and Hughes failed to catch under the new law in Boston—have arrived safely in England. William told the story of his escape and that of his wife (the latter disguised as a man and the former acting as her servant) before a large audience in Edinburgh Dec. 30th. Wm. W. Brown writes to the North Star that his talk produced a great excitement in the Scotch Capital.

For The Bugle.
AMERICA—A PARODY.

My Country! 'tis for thee,
Dark land of Slavery,
For thee I moan;
Land where the bound hath sighed,
Though once the pilgrim's pride,
Where every mountain's side
Echoes his groan.

My native country! thee
I would the world might see
Sever thy chain;
I would thy rocks and rills,
Thy groves and templed hills,
Were freed from slavery's ills,
Washed from its stain.

Then would each gentle breeze
That floats among thy trees,
Bear freedom's song;
Mortal's their tongues should wake,
And all that breathe partake,
Rocks their long silence break,
The sound prolong.

God of the wronged! on thee,
Author of Liberty,
On thee we call!

Soon may our land be bright,
Wakened from Slavery's night!
Oh bring by the great might
Freedom to all. E. M. F.

ANTI-FUGITIVE LAW MEETINGS.

BEAVERVILLE, PA., Jan. 21, 1851.

The excitement on account of the Fugitive Law appears to increase very slowly in this vicinity. We have held two meetings on the subject in the neighborhood, the first two weeks ago last Seventh day evening, in the school house in our District. Considerable opposition to the law was manifested, but not sufficient, save with a few, to take any decided action in relation to it. Our last meeting was at Centreville on last Seventh day evening. A goodly number attended, but the object of their attendance seemed to be to prevent anything being done to bring the law into disrepute. A few milk-and-water resolutions, reiterating a portion of the Declaration of American Independence, and declaring that we could not actively carry out the provisions of the law, were offered and even passed, but not without opposition. But when a preamble setting forth some of the outrages perpetrated by the South upon the people of the North, with a few resolutions expressive of what was thought by some to be our duty in relation to those outrages, and particularly the fugitive law, were introduced, it seemed as though the watch-dogs of slavery had been let loose. Should slavery need any aid in carrying its purposes into execution, it has only to call upon Pennsylvania Whigs, and its demands will be instantly obeyed. I do not know that all who advocated the law on that occasion were Whigs, but I know that its strongest advocate was of that party; and I also believe that it is impossible for any person, Whig or Democrat, to stoop lower than he did in his opposition to the advocates of freedom. His appeal was to the most degraded of the animal passions, and you may be assured that he succeeded in rousing them to action. Some of his friends, I have understood, as well as himself, had prepared themselves with something stronger than water to drink before going to the meeting, and indeed their actions betrayed it. But I will copy the resolutions that called forth so much indignation from the allies of slaveholders. I will, however, omit the first one and the preamble. They have reference merely to the outrages perpetrated upon the persons and prosperity of the North, and our duty in relation thereto.

Resolved, That all laws that would bind men to the commission of crime are null and void, and of no binding authority.

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law is the very embodiment of crime, and as such is not binding on the people of the North.

Resolved, That we will not help to execute this unjust and tyrannical law by aiding the slaveholder to reclaim his human cattle, but that we will assist the flying fugitive to obtain his liberty, and thus do unto him as we would have others do unto us in like circumstances.

This last resolution seemed to be the special object of attack. As they construed it, it was a proposition to resist the law, and any man that would resist the laws of his country deserved no better fate than Benedict Arnold! A few voted in favor of the resolutions; a number did not vote at all; the balance (I suppose more than one half the audience) voted against them.

I had forgotten to say that near the close of the meeting, when he knew he would encounter no opposition, a young priest came to the rescue of the law. Well, they may pursue their cruel and wicked plans a little longer, but the time may come when they will be willing to aid in removing the burden they have imposed upon the noble sons of Africa, lest in return it may be placed upon themselves.

CARVER TOMLINSON.

THE ABOLITION OF FLOGGING.—A correspondent of the New York Herald, dating from U. S. ship Germantown, Jan. 26, thus speaks of the working of the new law.

We have on board our ship a new crew, just starting on a cruise deemed most unhealthy. It seems to me we shall be especially distinguished as to the working of the new law. Although I have been among those who could see no other way of enforcing that discipline so essential to a ship of war, I must say that my mind has undergone a great change. I have served in four ships of war under the old flogging system; but never, during any part of that time, have seen so orderly, active, and cheerful a crew in either of them, as we have had during the six weeks we have been in commission. We have had no law-suits to be settled at the mast-head—no flogging and damning—no confusion; every man seems to do his duty cheerfully, because it is his duty, and the sooner it is done the sooner it is off the mind. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise to everybody that so good a state of discipline should have been attained in so short a period of time, and that, too, without the use of the cat or scot.

The Young Abolitionist! OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in paper can be sent by mail, price 20cts., Muslin 25cts., per copy.

Also, at J. Anderson's Baptist Book Store,

24 West 4th St., Cincinnati.

August 10, 1850.

Visit of Walker and Treat at Middlefield.

MIDDLEFIELD, Jan. 18th, '51.
MR. JOHNSON:—I offer no other apology for this intrusion upon your notice, than the reasons that induce me to venture it. My object is to acquaint you, somewhat, with the progress of the "Human Rights" reform in this vicinity.

Much of the time during the past two weeks, has been devoted to Anti-Slavery discussion in this place, by those fearless, patient advocates of Reform, James W. Walker, and Joseph Treat.

Subsequently, alluding to the torpidity reigning in Rochester, he said:—

Thunder and lightning alone can purify this atmosphere. Moral thunder is required to purify the public mind. He was persuaded that no ordinary appliance could answer the purpose. It was possible that even a moral earthquake would be necessary to awaken the people from their apathy. Had there been a crime committed in Rochester, the crime of murder, your city would have boiled with excitement. Now, all is calm and quiet. But is there no crime? no cause of alarm? He would sooner take his place with Prof. Webster in judgment than with the ministers of this city. He said, the abolitionists were on terms with murderers, and to be on such terms of intimacy was to be accessory to murder. He had always had the satisfaction to be called an old man, a fanatic, because he had always regarded the terms of fellowship with pro-slavery people impossible for a Christian. He had been called an infidel. What is an infidel? One who disobeys God—not faithful, *faithless*.—The American church is an infidel body. Mr. Foster here portrayed the abominations of the fugitive slave law, and the awful condition of the women in slavery. He regarded the people of Rochester to be guilty as those of South Carolina and Georgia, and he would arraign them on the charge of infidelity, and immorality, as much deserving a place in the State Prison, at Auburn, as the vilest prisoner ever seen there. He was a peace man, and he believed in the scripture that exhorteth, "as far as in your faith, if it be possible, live peaceably with all men." But his doctrine was, "first *pure*, then *peaceable*."—We have no right, (said he,) to be at peace with the ungodly. To be at peace with wicked men is to be recreant to Christianity."

They (Walker and Treat) were obliged to commence with the first principles of the doctrine of Disunion, for few, comparatively, were acquainted even with them. They examined the relation sustained by the various political and ecclesiastical organizations to this soul-crushing Government—showed that by supporting it they were supporting the dehumanizing institution of American slavery—that it (slavery) has become so blended with all the Departments of State, that whoever acknowledges his allegiance to the one, admits, of necessity, his allegiance to the other—and also, that however pure, at its adoption, might have been their "glorious Constitution," their subsequent enactments had rendered it a polluted scroll.

The Whig and Democratic organizations chose to shelter themselves in their hiding places, and not a man of them dared venture forth in defense of his party against the terrible exposures.

The Free-soilers, however, could not relinquish the field thus composedly; for where are the men who have labored so zealously, who have sacrificed so abundantly as they to establish Freedom in, that her banner might float in triumph over, their stolen territory? Did not those of them who were formerly Whigs and Democrats dissolve their connection with those parties? and did not the Liberty party repudiate its principles, and all uniting at the Buffalo Convention, "conquer their prejudices," and acknowledge as their standard-bearer the ever-changing Martin Van Buren? Was it not, therefore, necessary to accuse such men of assisting to extend that withering curse, if not over free territory, through countless regions? They evidently thought so, and were resolved to defend themselves against such base accusations; but all their efforts to do so were a failure, and they too were obliged to retreat.

Would not the prolonged shout of the three millions of our brethren in bonds, could they but know how truthful the souls, how unyielding the wills that have inscribed on their banner "No compromise with Slavery"—I ask, could they know this, would not their shouts strike terror to the very hearts of this *Christian Republic*?

"God speed our cause!" and bless the efforts of our friends to hasten *Revolution* in Michigan! Yours for Equal Rights, JULIA GREENLEAF.

WESTERN NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held at Rochester, Jan. 16th and 17th. Abby K. and Stephen S. Foster were present, and spoke with their usual enthusiasm and power. Stephen dealt very faithfully with Abolitionists of that region for their want of zeal and earnestness in the cause. Says the North Star:—

He declared that they had not exerted themselves as they ought to have done; that the fault was in them; and experience showed that where there were no agents in the field, there would be little interest in the cause. "Where no seed is sown," said he, "no harvest can be expected." It is impossible to keep up anti-slavery feeling in the community without agents. The tremendous influence of the clergy in this locality is constantly operating against the anti-slavery movement; and unless there are agents in the field, it is utterly impossible to keep up anti-slavery feeling. Mr. Foster referred to the decline of anti-slavery liberality in supporting agents, and in sustaining the anti-slavery press, and commended the example of the American Anti-Slavery Society, fourteen years ago, in sending out seventy agents. It was impossible to have prosperity where there was no investment. Men must give to the anti-slavery cause to become interested in the cause. "It takes much," he said, "to make a genuine abolitionist." He made reference to *negative abolitionism*; and pointed out the difference between talking and acting. We need to commence with self-examination among ourselves. As in the church they commence revivals with confessions, so we need to confess. We need a new baptism—a new consecration. Every abolitionist ought to feel as if his own dear friends were in slavery. He has employed an experienced Miller, and, although not a Miller himself, he will always be found somewhere there to see that customers are accommodated, in either Flouring Mill, or Sack Coats, Over-Coats, Pantaloons, or Waistcoats, will please call, look at his Goods, and if convinced it will be to their interest to do so, leave their measures; and in from one to six days, the clothes shall be ready, and the fit, quality, durability and Cheapness, warranted equal to the *very best* to be had here or elsewhere, and superior to any that are not the best.

THE TAILORING BUSINESS Carried on as heretofore.

OCT. 26th, 1850.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Pelton's Large Outline Maps—Pelton's Key to do, Naylor's System of Teaching Geography, or Baldwin's Universal Pronouncing Gazetteer, can do so by applying to the subscriber at his residence

near Damascus, Columbian Co., O., or at

THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Those at a distance can have the Maps or Books forwarded to them by applying by letter to the subscriber at Damascus, Co., O., or to Barnaby & Whinery, Salem, Columbian Co., O.

ENOUGH WOOLMAN.

Also, for sale at the above named places several Cases of SCIENTIFIC APARATUS, for Common Schools.

E. W.

JAMES BARNABY.

Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Cloths.

Is just receiving, at his store, North side

Main street, Salem, Ohio, a new and elegant

assortment of Cloths, Cashmires, Vestings, &c.

which he is prepared to make up to order, or

sell by the yard or pattern, as required. Those

wishing to furnish themselves with Dress,

Frock, or Sack Coats, Over-Coats, Pantaloons,

or Waistcoats, will please call, look at his Goods,

and if convinced it will be to their interest to do so, leave their measures; and in from one to six days, the clothes shall be ready, and the fit,

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Miscellaneous.

A Thimble-Full of Romance.

The tailor's wife had stitched since five in the morning. It was now noon—the day after Christmas-day, and there really was something for dinner. The tailor was from home—the children were out, but it was close upon twelve o'clock, and in a trice they would be back, eager and hungry for their meal. Mrs. Atkins put down her work—a very handsome waistcoat of sky-blue satin, sprinkled with stars and bordered, it might be, with the zodiac, (the border was so strangely beautiful)—clap her thimble on the mantelpiece, and hurried to the cupboard. At all events, there was a dinner to-day; and something seemed to promise to the tailor's wife a brighter time, and a fuller table for the time to come.

Atkins had gone to make inquiry about a ship that was to sail for the other side of the world; and though he had not at that time a single piece of Queen Victoria's minted gold to purchase a passage for himself and family, he nevertheless would learn all the particulars of cost and necessary preparation.—It was a whim, he knew; for all that, it was a whim that controlled him beyond his powers of self-argument, and he tried to excuse them.

And all alone, Mrs. Atkins spread the table. There was a piece of beef left, and a small piece of plum-pudding, and still the pudding remained small, although Mrs. Atkins turned the plate that contained it round and round half-a dozen times, and took half-a dozen side-long looks at it, as though endeavoring to behold it in the most improved light. But pudding is not to such as Atkins.

The table laid, Mrs. Atkins thought she would execute a few more stitches, filling up the time until Atkins and the children came.

As Mrs. Atkins approached the mantelpiece, extending her fingers toward the thimble, the thimble—of its own motion—fell upon its side, with one distinct, prolonged sound, as from a silver bell; Mrs. Atkins's thimble, by the way, being of no such precious metal, but of working-day brass.—

Mrs. Atkins drew back her fingers from the thimble as from a nettle, when the thimble self-moved—rolled off the mantelpiece and fell upon the hearth. And then, to the astonishment and terror of Mrs. Atkins, who, strange to say, could not at that moment scream, though in no former accident had she failed, when otherwise determined—then, from the thimble began to pour forth, in small, quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropped in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapor—puffing and puffing until, in a few minutes the room was filled as with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glistered like a speck upon the bough. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little bit of beef and fragmentary pudding—but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

After some minutes, the cloud cleared away, slowly rolling itself up in the chimney, and Mrs. Atkins's brass thimble lay, like any other two-penny implement upon the bough. The same well-worn thimble—the same familiar common-place that for many a day had armed her seamstress finger.

"How do you do, Mrs. Atkins?" said a voice from the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Atkins jumped round with the shortest of jumps. She looked and saw a gentleman.

Well, he was the strangest of gentlemen, and he was in the strangest position! But we will tell every titbit we know about him.

Measured by tailor's measure, the gentleman's stature might have been about six inches. A gentleman with a very clean and lofty look; his hair an iron grey; with a few wisps of hair; scratches made with an iron pen—the sort of pen made out of Time's old scythes—about the corner of his eyes, that had a ceiling-ward look; a look, moreover, of self-satisfaction. He was very soberly dressed in black—very soberly; and then his white neckerchief was white and pure as a snow-wreath.

Mrs. Atkins thought she recognized in the miniature man a well-known face; one of those countenances that, like a royal face upon a shilling, is the property of everybody who can possess it. She had seen a picture of The Poor Man's Friend, and—no, it could not be he; it was impossible—nevertheless, the face of the mannikin was wondrously like that flesh-and-blood goodness.

And the little gentleman, though somewhat uncleanly, sat among a sprig of Christmas holly that was upon the mantelpiece; and, with his best pains, looked secure amid his bower of spikes.

"Haven't you better take a chair, sir, or this stool?" said Mrs. Atkins, as she passed her apron over a three-legged piece of deal, "you'll be more comfortable, sir."

"Thank you," said the little man; his face pucker'd as he spoke, and shuddering uneasily, "thank you, but people condemned to live in thimbles are not allowed to be comfortable."

"Poor creatures!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "it must be a strict lodging, goodness knows—I never heard of such a thing."

"Begnited, darkened being!" cried the little man in black; "miserable, forlorn person!" he continued, as though from a platform; "did you never hear of Solomon's brass kettles?"

"Never, sir," said the tailor's wife, with great humility.

"Know, then, that Solomon has at this moment a thousand brass kettles at the bottom of the sea; and in every kettle is a prisoner, confined for no good he has done, depend upon it, to hear the sea moan and roar, and answer it with his groans. And as in brass kettles, so—and the little man sighed heavily—"so in brass thimbles."

"I don't understand a word of it," said Mrs. Atkins; and with a resolute hand, she took up her thimble, and turned it over and over, and almost unconsciously brought the thimble to her nose. But it did not smell of sulphur; the thimble was the like thimble it was before.

"For ten years have I lived in that thimble. Ten years," cried the little man—and Mrs. Atkins started now at her visitor, and took another look at the thimble; and then she courageously thrust her thimble finger into the familiar brass, and nodded at it.

the little man among the holly, as much as to say—

"Now you are well got rid of, I'll take care you shan't get in again."

The little man seemed to understand the threat of the look, for he said, with a languid smile—

"It's no matter, now: my ten years are up—my time's out to-day. All I have now to do is to confess my past sins and the sufferings they purchased me, and then I pass to peace. I've paid the penalty of my selfishness, and my unquiet ghost will cease to haunt your brazen thimble."

"A ghost!" cried Mrs. Atkins. "Well, I never thought I could be so bold to a ghost. But then, to be sure, you're such a very little one. What was your name?"

"Never mind," said the small man. "I was called The Poor Man's Friend. And I can tell you, Mrs. Atkins, that I have paid pretty sharply for the vanity and vexation of the title."

"That is I suppose," answered the spirited little woman, "you wasn't his friend at all? Only the name, like?"

"Listen to my story," said the little gentleman, again shifting himself among the holly leaves. "I was, when I was alive and enjoying my proper stature, was a man of exceeding wealth. Rich indeed was I, and as everybody thought—and at last I got myself to think so too—very good, very benevolent, very pious. Indeed, I had the habit of talking so much about the duties of the rich to the poor, that for the life of me, I never could find sufficient time to perform them. Nevertheless, I could not forbear to talk—it was so pleasant, so easy, too; and with no other effort, it made me a name that such among my particular friends like a nice entitlement."

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Atkins. "To get a good name, and live upon it and do nothing for it; why it's worse than coming—yes, passing bad money is nothing to it."

"Very true, Mrs. Atkins," answered the unruled mannikin. "Very true. Yet there's a deal of brassy character passed for good. And it may sound right enough upon the world's counter, but it won't do, Mrs. Atkins, when the angels come to ring it. It won't do, ma'am."

"I should say not," replied the tailor's wife, with womanly decision.

"And so I found. It is now, madam, ten years since I died. If you doubt me, take your way to the cemetery. There, madam, you will see my monument. There is no mistaking it—it's such a handsome thing, with work enough in it to have kept the sculptor and his family for a twelve-month. I am there, madam, in *alto relief* in small, quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropped in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapor—puffing and puffing until, in a few minutes the room was filled as with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glistered like a speck upon the bough. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little bit of beef and fragmentary pudding—but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

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